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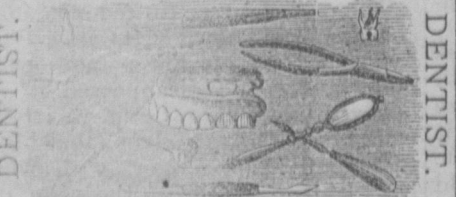
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VOLUME VIII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1879.

NUMBER 13.

POETRY.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

The work-day week has cast its yoke
 Of troublous toil and careful quest;
 The lingering twilight's saffron cloak
 Trails o'er the dusky west;
 And curfew-clocks, with measured stroke,
 Chime in the eve of rest.

From fallow fields and woody dells
 The crickets chirp their pleasant lays;
 The kine come up with tinkling bells,
 Through all the lonely ways,
 And buckets drip by hedge-wells,
 And ruddy ingles blaze.

His whirling wheel the miller stops—
 The smith his silent anvil leaves;
 His ringing ax the joiner drops,
 No more the weaver weaves;
 His loaded wain the peddler props
 Beneath the tavern eaves.

A happy hush, a tranquil halm,
 As if the week-day work and care
 Were lifted off and left us calm,
 Pervades the quiet air;
 A sense as of a silent psalm,
 A feeling as of prayer.

For now the night, with soft delay,
 Seems brooding like a tender dove,
 While the last hours of Saturday
 Shunt in the homes of love,
 And the sweet Sabbath spans the way
 To holier homes above.

God help us all! since here below
 Few Saturdays are ours at best;
 And out of earthly pain and woe
 Few days of Sabbath rest.
 God teach us!—that we yet may know
 The Sabbaths of the blest.

—Selected.

STORY TELLER.

THE WIDOW GRANT.

"Harry Fredericks, aged nineteen,
 shot in the battle of Fredericksburg."
 Such was a part of the inscription
 upon a plain marble slab in the little
 cemetery of Allandale.

Mrs. Grant, strolling by the grave,
 stopped for a moment to read the simple
 record.

"Aged nineteen," she murmured.
 "Only a boy."

And then, as if by some subtle feel
 ing of sympathy, she sat down on the
 soft turf near by and let her thoughts
 go wandering back to that mournful
 time when so many homes were deso
 late because their "boys" were in the
 midst of danger and death.

"Harry, 'Our Harry' to somebody,"
 she said to herself, gathering a spray
 of myrtle that trailed about the grass
 and laying it tenderly in her palm. "A
 blue-eyed, blonde-haired Harry, broad
 chested and strong armed. A warm
 hearted, big-souled Harry, brave as a
 lion and tender as a woman—some
 body's darling, somebody's stay and
 consolation."

The tears stood in the woman's eyes
 and dropped over her cheeks. She,
 too, had lost a Harry—the love of her
 girlhood, the husband of her young
 womanhood.

"I wonder who this Harry's mother
 was?" she thought, "and if she is liv
 ing still?"

And then she tried to imagine how
 a mother must feel when the child she
 has nursed and reared, who bears
 about himself the very heart of her
 own being, goes away to battle to kill
 or be killed.

"It is hard," she said, "hard, hard!"
 And pressing her lips for a moment
 upon the sod that covered the brave
 young heart, she rose and walked
 away.

From the cemetery she went to the
 main street of the town, and, going
 into a dry goods store, proceeded to
 examine satins and ribbons.

"Can I have the goods on three
 month's credit?" she asked, after de
 ciding upon several articles.

"No, madam," answered the clerk,
 curtly, "I have orders to the contrary."

"Very well," she said, and then, as
 a despairing look fell upon the pale,
 sweet face, and Mary Grant walked
 out of the store and to her little home
 of three rooms over Tom Hanson's
 bakery.

What was she to do next? Sarnett
 & Co. would trust her no longer, and
 they had been her main dependence.
 She sat down in the middle of her tiny
 shop, and looked with a sort of stolid
 grief at the specimen bonnets and
 hats that should have been finished
 long ago, and at the old ladies' caps
 that seemed, in their grim impertur
 bability, to be giving her a silent les
 son upon the fallacy of human hopes.

How she hated them at that min
 ute this little milliner, who six months
 before had sat contentedly making
 these same caps, with their black dot
 ted lace and purple bows and illusion
 ruchings! But, then, she was sustain
 ed by hope, and that makes all the
 difference.

Mary Grant, a soldier's widow, came
 to Allandale with less than \$50 cap
 ital in her shabby little wallet. She
 had a few pieces of furniture, and a
 letter of introduction to Sarnett &
 Company from a city merchant who
 had done the firm many a good turn
 first and last. With these assets and

sundry liabilities, the young widow
 had hoped to strike a favorable bal
 ance, and build up a business by which
 she could support a humble home.

But she had not been fortunate. In
 the first place, Mehitable Pillsbury, an
 old maid, with bank bills as numerous
 as her wrinkles, had set up a business
 a block or two away. Her show win
 dows were gorgeous with pattern hats,
 rich ribbons and laces, and she kept a
 standing advertisement in the Allan
 dale Enterprise.

It made little difference that Mary
 Grant's millinery was artistic, while
 Miss Pillsbury's was only show and
 "stylish." The Allandale fair ones
 were not artistic themselves, and aimed
 at nothing higher than keeping up
 with neighbors. So it happened that
 the widow's hats and caps stood upon
 their standards, till, as I have said,
 they seemed to leer at her with a ri
 diculous and accusing aspect.

She could not make her first pay
 ment to Sarnett & Company on time.
 They gave her an extension, but she
 failed again to pay the whole amount,
 and at last, as we have seen, the firm
 refused to trust her for goods.

She sat there, thinking of those dis
 appointments, and wondering, in a
 dull way, what she should do in the
 future.

"I'll clear the show window," she
 said, "and put up a tin sign for plain
 sewing, or fine washing. I should like
 the washing best. Wouldn't that be
 a bitter pill for the aristocratic Grants?
 At any rate, I believe I could earn my
 living that way, and now I am getting
 in debt every day."

Just as Mrs. Grant arrived at this
 disagreeable conclusion, the shop-bell
 rang.

"Somebody for a yard of five-cent
 ribbon," she muttered, going languid
 ly to the door and opening it.

A bright, sweet-faced girl of twelve
 years or thereabouts, came in and ask
 ed for a straw hat. While the milliner
 showed her an assortment, the child
 explained that she also wanted a bon
 net made for their baby, little Sally.

"She's two years old," added the
 customer, "and I want something suit
 able."

"Why didn't your mother come and
 bring little Sally?" asked Mrs. Grant.
 "We haven't any mamma; at least,
 not here in this world. She died two
 years ago when baby was born."

"And who keeps house?"

"I do," answered the child, quite
 simply.

"Yes, Papa is too poor to hire a
 housekeeper. Aunty Baker, mamma's
 sister, wants him to break up, and let
 her have baby; but papa and I can't
 bear to, and so I'm housekeeping, and
 papa helps me. Aunty says it's ridi
 culous; but we would rather have our
 own home—wouldn't you ma'am?"

"Indeed I should my dear," answer
 ed the widow, her eyes glistening.

"You see," said the girl, growing
 quite confidential in Mary Grant's sym
 pathetic atmosphere, "my papa's a
 minister. He preaches at Hunt's Cor
 ner. His church is small, and they
 don't pay him much."

"And there's nobody home but you
 and papa and baby?"

"No. We had Harry once, but he
 went to war. Papa thinks mamma was
 never stronger after that. He thinks if
 Harry had staid at home, mamma
 might have lived. You see, she used
 to lie awake nights and think about
 him, and she cried so hard whenever
 she heard of a battle."

"And Harry was killed at last?"

"Yes, at Fredericksburg. He was
 wounded very badly there. Papa went
 to him, he died the same day, and papa
 brought him home. Poor Harry!"

"So that is the 'Harry' whose grave I
 saw," thought the widow, as she laid
 her hand tenderly on the child's head,
 and kissed her cheek.

"Now I must go," said the little
 mother, "Papa will like this hat, I
 think; and you will have baby's bonnet
 by Saturday—won't you?"

"Yes, dear. But you must tell me
 your name before you go."

"Ruth Fredericks. Papa is the Rever
 end Henry Fredericks. I wish you
 could come and hear him preach. I
 think his sermons are beautiful, and
 mamma used to think so, too."

Ruth went away, and the milliner
 stood in the door looking after her,
 and smiling at her sweet naivete.

The status of Mary Grant's affairs
 were not changed when she went back
 into the little shop, but somehow her
 heart was lighter, her spirit more hope
 ful. She selected some silk and lace
 and began making a Normandy cap
 for baby Sally, humming a tune as she
 worked.

Her thoughts were busy with the
 lonely family and its sad history; with
 the young soldier, the sorrowing wife,
 and the patient brave young house
 keeper playing mother so sweetly, and
 loving her father with such simple re
 verence.

"Life is not all a sham," she said.
 "There are true hearts, noble and un
 selfish. God is still with us in human
 love, and in this beautiful world that
 He has created."

The slanting rays of the sun fell in
 to her room, a robin sang outside in
 the elm, a pot of roses bloomed in her
 window, and she knew that crocuses
 and violets were awakening from their
 death-like sleep in the bosom of the
 earth.

The old ladies' caps were not taken
 down that night. Indeed, they had
 changed their appearance and seemed
 to smile benevolently; and in the early
 evening a veritable old lady came in
 and bought one, paying a good price.

She expected company Decoration
 day, she remarked, "and wanted to
 smart up a little." It was a neat,
 tasteful head-dress, and other old ladies
 seeing it, came for more. The tide
 seemed to be setting, with a faint, yet
 perceptible motion, toward the neglect
 ed shop.

Mary Grant took courage.

"I will have an opening," she said,
 one bright, electric May morning. "I
 will make the prettiest things I can
 think of, if it takes my last cent to buy
 material. And it will, I am sure of
 that. Never mind, there is still the
 fine washing left."

So she went out and bought silk and
 lace and white chip bonnets and pale
 blue and rose pink ribbons of Sarnett
 & Co.

When she got home with her pur
 chases she had twenty-five cents in her
 purse. Her rent was paid for a quar
 ter in advance, and she could live on
 eggs and mush, with an occasional
 roast potato. So she was secure against
 homelessness and starvation for a short
 time at least.

Her delicate fingers flew, and the
 dainty fabrics grew beneath them.
 She was full of inspiration for her
 work, and in a short time the little shop
 window was full of fresh, artistic de
 signs.

She smiled when she thought of her
 past discouragement, and attributed
 all her new courage to the advent of
 Ruth, and the making of Sally's Nor
 mandy cap.

In some way it got about in Allan
 dale that Mrs. Grant had beautiful new
 styles. Minnie Ferguson, the rich
 manufacturer's daughter, heard this
 rumor, and rode thither in her carriage.

The sight of that carriage asked like
 magic. As many as half a dozen
 young ladies who saw it visited the
 shop the very next day. The pretty
 spring bonnets went off like hot cakes.
 "They are unique," said Miss Min
 nie, and straightway the word "unique"
 was in the mouth of every one of her
 troop of followers. The widow was
 seriously in danger of becoming the
 fashion.

In the mean time Ruth dropped in
 to see her whenever she came down
 on errands for her household. The
 child-like woman and the womanly
 child grew to love each other very
 soon with no common love.

The confidence grew longer between
 them, and soon Mrs. Grant felt as if
 she had known about the minister's
 family all her life. Many were the
 visits that she made to Harry's grave.

Often in the bright May afternoons
 she took a trifle of work and sat by
 the green mound, now purpling over
 with spring violets.

"He shall be my soldier," she said to
 herself. "On Decoration day I will
 come here with the loveliest flowers I
 can find, in the early morning, long
 before the town is stirring."

She kept her word. At dawn she
 stepped into the rosy light, with a
 basket full of roses and pansies, ver
 benas and mignonette. Through the
 silent streets she hurried, meeting no
 one, thinking only of the love and
 grief throbbing in the country's heart
 for her dead sons.

The cemetery lay serene in the glow
 of the new day. Birds were flitting
 about here and there among the new
 graves, and now and then a gust of
 music quivered through the air. A
 shaft from the rising sun shot athwart
 Harry's grave as the lady approached
 it.

She smiled as she saw it.
 "It's a good omen," she said—"a
 symbol of the light in which his spirit
 dwells."

Once by the grave she sat down and
 began weaving her roses into a wreath
 for the young soldier. The pansies,
 already bound in a dainty bouquet, she
 placed upon his breast.

Sitting there, entwining the white
 blossoms with their dewy leaves, she
 murmured a prayer—the Litany of
 Decoration Day:

"God have mercy upon all mothers
 who weep to-day; give them the true
 blossoms of consolation, the lilies of
 peace, the roses of triumphant faith."
 "Amen," said a deep, solemn voice
 at her side.

She turned quickly, blushing scar
 let, and saw a tall, grave man standing
 near. His hands were full of flowers,
 and it was plain that he, too, had come
 to decorate the grave of the soldier
 boy.

The man and woman looked into
 each other's faces, and then, moved by
 the same impulse, they clasped hands
 with a close, cordial pressure.

"You are the lady who has been so
 good to my little Ruth," said he.

"And you are Harry's father?" said
 she.

It was a strange introduction; but
 five minutes' conversation there in
 the fresh dawn, by Harry's peaceful
 grave, brought them nearer together
 than days of society intercourse would
 have done. It touched the weary, ach
 ing heart of the father very deeply to
 see this sweet stranger bringing flow
 ers to his soldier boy, and the widow
 was inexpressibly cheered in return
 by the sympathy and tenderness to
 which she had so long been a stranger.

Mr. Fredericks told Mrs. Grant that
 he should bring Ruth and Sally to
 town later to see the ceremonies.
 Thereupon she invited them all to her
 house to dinner, and the invitation
 was accepted.

The baby wore her new cap, and
 looked for all the world like a meadow
 daisy. Mary Grant fell in love with
 Sally at first sight, and after an hour's
 acquaintance, the little one followed
 her new friend all around as if she
 had known her all her life.

Ruth was in a state of delight so
 intense that she could express it only
 by affectionate looks and actions—now
 stroking her friend's cheek and kissing
 her, and now leaning on her friend's
 shoulder with her arms around her
 neck.

This visit was the first of many.
 Under the new inspiration of loving
 friendship, the new minister's sermons
 and the milliner's bonnets prospered
 alike.

After a hard week's work, it was a
 delicious rest to walk to the little
 country church and sit in the pew with
 Ruth and Sally, listening to the gos
 pel of faith and charity.

A trip in town, a stroll among books
 and pictures, and an early tea with
 his new friend, made life for weeks to
 come easier and sweeter to the min
 ister.

And so it fell out that, by-and-by,
 they concluded that it would be wiser
 on the whole to make one family.

There was a milliner needed at
 Hunt's Corners, as well as a wife, moth
 er and housekeeper; and Mary Grant
 undertook, with remarkable cheerfulness,
 this fourfold relation.

The machinery of the household
 began running with great regularity
 and precision from the day the min
 ister married the widow. The new wife
 made dainty bonnets and pretty trifles
 of lace; a new housekeeper ruled the
 kitchen; the minister worked in his
 study, and Ruth went to school.

"It was my children who brought
 us together," said the minister, on
 next Decoration Day, as the two stood
 among the graves with their offering
 of flowers.

"Yes, it was little Sally's Normandy
 cap that saved me from despair, and
 Harry's grave brought us face to face.

NEW RAILROADS AND THEIR BUILDERS.

(The New York Daily Graphic, March 6, 1879.)

George Alfred Townsend, in his
 Washington letter to the Graphic a
 few days since, said, in speaking of
 railroads, that they were found to pay
 best as an investment after all. In
 proof of his assertion it may be said
 that, turn in whatever direction we will,
 a road or an addition to a road for the
 iron horse may be seen in process of
 construction.

For the more expeditious and con
 venient transportation of prisoners to
 their homes in the mountain fastnesses
 of the Adirondacks, our State has lately
 built a railroad, equipped with all
 the modern appliances, from Platts
 burg to Dannemora. The entire work
 was under the charge of Mr. John
 O'Brien, of Dutchess County, who lately
 completed the New York and Cana
 da Railroad, so replete with charming
 scenery along the western bank of Lake
 Champlain, from Whitehall to Platts
 burg, and connecting Saratoga and
 Lake George in a direct line with
 Montreal. Mr. O'Brien's contract cal
 led for nearly \$3,000,000.

In opening our series of descrip
 tions of the new and most noteworthy
 railroads of the country we deem it of
 value to the young men of the land to
 show them what energy and push will
 accomplish, and but justice to the men
 of brain, perseverance and executive
 ability who guided and controlled the
 great works to completion, to tell the
 world who and what they were and are
 and give as correct an idea as possible
 of their personal appearance. To this
 end we publish in to-day's issue a pic
 ture of the builder of the New York
 and Canada, the Plattsburg and Dan
 nemora, the Rhinebeck and Connecti
 cut, the Rondont and Oswego and sev
 eral other railroads, and portions of
 railroads, viz: Mr. John O'Brien, of
 Rhinebeck, N. Y.

A genius for contracting, guiding
 and controlling large bodies of work
 men or enterprises requiring calcula
 tion and force of character may, like
 other qualifications, "run into the
 blood," and if so Mr. O'Brien's chil
 dren ought certainly to inherit these
 qualities to a surprising degree, for
 grand-fathers on both sides of the
 house were during their younger days
 engaged in many enterprises of large

magnitude. Mr. O'Brien's father dur
 ing his life built large portions of the
 Erie Canal and did much work for the
 Hudson River and New York Central
 Railroad, also for the Erie Railroad,
 the Rome and Boonville and a number
 of other roads of lesser note. The
 Croton Water Works for this city was
 another undertaking in which he was
 engaged. His work on the enlarge
 ment of the Erie Canal aggregated
 something less than \$1,000,000. Mr.
 O'Brien's father-in-law, Mr. Lewis
 Rider, has also accumulated a hand
 some fortune in the management of
 enterprises of this nature and is now
 quietly enjoying himself at his beauti
 ful home, within a stone's throw of his
 son-in-law's residence, at Rhinebeck.
 The subject of this sketch was born at
 Manhattanville in July, 1842, and is
 therefore quite a young man. In the
 fall of 1877 the Democrats of Dutchess
 County persuaded him to become their
 candidate for the Assembly, but it was
 an unfortunate year for the Democracy
 of the Thirtieth Congressional Dis
 trict. Not a single Democrat was
 elected, nearly all having been beaten
 by overwhelming majorities. As it
 was, Mr. O'Brien came closer to an
 election than any other person on the
 ticket, a change of thirty votes being
 about all that was needed to have se
 cured it. He is now the representa
 tive of Dutchess, Columbia and Put
 nam counties on the Democratic State
 Central Committee, which three coun
 ties should by good right belong to
 the Democracy, and if Mr. O'Brien
 succeeds in harmonizing matters up
 to such an extent as to induce
 all Democratically inclined to pull to
 gether, our Republican friends will
 have their hands full to retain their
 present supremacy.

Mr. O'Brien's residence and grounds
 at Rhinebeck are the handsomest in
 the village. His vote at home in 1877
 was, we understand, the largest ever
 given to

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAR. 27, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

GRACE CHURCH, MEXICO, N. Y.

The Rev. Dr. Gallaudet officiated in this church on Sunday, the 23d inst., conducting the usual services morning and evening, and a special service for deaf-mutes in the afternoon. In the morning he preached from Psalm xc: 12—"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." He took the same text for the deaf-mute service. In the evening his text was Psalm lxxviii: 13—"Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." In his morning discourse he feelingly alluded to the great benefactor of Grace Church, the late Mr. L. H. Conklin, and stated that an arrangement had been made by which the church would be sustained. In the evening he made a short address in relation to the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes, with its Home for the Aged and Infirm.

THE WALKING MATCH.

Mexico is in the fashion; she has had a walking match. The contestants were J. Didier, of this village, and S. Sinclair, a mute employed in the Journal office. The walking was done in Empire Hall on Friday, March 21st, with C. W. Brockway as referee. Much interest was excited in town and a goodly number of people were in to witness this trial of muscle.

On the 19th mile Didier was set back one half a lap. The contestants took a recess of one hour for supper. The start was given at two minutes after four o'clock.

The best time made by each contestant, was made at the 10th mile, Didier accomplishing it in 8½ minutes and Sinclair in 8½ minutes and 15 seconds.

GEM THOUGHTS.

—Consequences are unputting—

George Elliot.

—A believer studies more how to adorn the cross than how to avoid it.

—Rutherford.

—None will have such a dreadful parting with the Lord at the last day as those who went half-way with Him and then left him.—Anon.

—Parents cannot do God's work, and God will not do theirs; but if they use the means, He will never withhold His blessing.—Adam Clarke.

—To do good to men is the great work of life; to make them true Christians is the greatest good we can do them.—Dr. J. W. Alexander.

COCAGNE BEFORE JUDGE WALLACE FOR SENTENCE.

[From the Utica Observer, March 20, 1879.]

Fred N. Cocagne is a deaf-mute who lives at Cape Vincent, Jefferson County. Recently he has been engaged in sending circulars through the mails with intent to deceive. His plan was to distribute circulars setting forth that he had a large and valuable poultry yard, and could furnish the rarest eggs for breeding at very low rates. He signed the name of F. N. Coon, and the same with intent to deceive. It was not long before parties who were entrapped raised the alarm, and United States Deputy Marshal, C. H. VanBrakle, of Watertown, "worked up" the case. He soon placed the deaf-mute in a position where he was disposed to throw up his hands and signal for quarter. (He talks with his fingers.) He has a sister, a very worthy girl, Miss Jane P. Cocagne, who came into Court yesterday to intercede for her brother and act as interpreter in the case. The charge was read to her slowly, and she reeled it off to her brother on one hand with lightning-like movements. He answered with equal facility of fingers. "Ask him if he pleads guilty?" asked Mr. Green. She made the query in the sign language in less time than it had taken to speak it. The boy made a single sign and nodded his head vigorously.

Judge Wallace said: This is a singular case and is entitled to more than ordinary consideration. This boy is a mute and is deserving of a certain amount of sympathy. But his action in this case exercises intelligence; it was done deliberately. It indicates a criminal mind. The sentence of the Court is that he be confined six months in the Jefferson County Jail and pay a fine of one hundred dollars.

The character of the sentence was made known to the mute; he looked gratefully at the Judge, bowed and walked away. The sister of the boy was very grateful to the Judge for dealing with the mute so mercifully.

The Itimizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and correspondents will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itimizer*.

Prof. Job Turner, after a prolonged trip thro' the Southern States, in company with Dr. Gallaudet, returned to Staunton last week on a visit to his many friends. He is looking well and hearty.

Mr. W. H. Halsey, of Newark, N. J., writes: I felt sad that my subscription to your paper will expire on the 1st of April, but I will renew it, and be a regular subscriber to your paper as long as I live. I like it very much; it is one of the best deaf-mute papers in the world. Enclosed find \$1.50, for another year.

The Rev. Dr. Gallaudet writes the Rev. Mr. Mann that he expects to come west in May, in the interest of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes. In due time a list of appointments will be prepared, and sent to the JOURNAL for publication. The Doctor and Mr. Mann expect to go as far west as Council Bluffs and Omaha.

The Niagara Falls Gazette reports an eccentric freak of lightning in the town of Hartland, Niagara County, last Saturday afternoon. The electric fluid entered a barn owned by Henry Thomas, passed through a lot of hay, killed two cows, rendered a horse entirely deaf, and left the barn wholly uninjured.

Edwin F. Bell, a deaf and dumb book peddler, died suddenly last Monday at the Vesper House, on Main street, Sedalia, Mo. He paid for meals and lodging, and retired to his room Sunday afternoon. When called after night he made no response, and on investigation it was found that he had died without making any alarm. He has been here several days, considerably under the influence of whisky, at times, and the fumes of liquor were on his person after death. It is presumed death resulted from heart disease, although the inquest summoned by Coroner Jones returned a verdict of death from causes unknown. He was a native of Canada, and had no papers on his person giving the whereabouts of relatives or friends. His remains were interred in the potter's field.—Star.

This annual election of officers of the Manhattan Deaf-Mute Literary Association of New York, took place on the first of March. Theodore A. Froehlich, the well known advocate of articulation, and the present treasurer was among the candidates for the presidency. He declined the office. Again he was nominated for secretary, which he also declined. Upon the election of treasurer the members loudly called for Froehlich, this time he offered his thanks for the honor tendered him but stated that he positively declined holding any office. Notwithstanding this announcement of his decision he was elected with a majority over Jams. He, however, withdrew, and Jams was appointed. What is the secret of this strong determination to put Mr. Froehlich in some office of responsibility? During his connection with the association he proved himself a man trustworthy in every respect; his opinions on all topics were always such as were worthy of attention, and in all matters under discussion he always sided with the right. In the performance of his duties as treasurer he has given unbounded satisfaction. His books are kept more systematically and with more precision and neatness than ever before. His maxim is "Honesty is the best policy," and by acting strictly in accordance with it, he has won the confidence and friendship of all who know him.

A New York correspondent writes: Not long since the Manhattan Literary Deaf-Mute Association, of New York, held its election of officers for the ensuing year. Strange to say, President Fitzgerald declined the office of president, secretary and treasurer, which latter office he now holds, and to which he would have received a unanimous vote had he not, before election, so strongly declared his determination to withdraw. Under the circumstances he received a majority over his opponents, but did not accept. It appears that these two honorable gentlemen will gradually dissolve all their active connection with the association which is going into decline. Mr. Froehlich seems strongly opposed to the movements of the members of the association. Not long since several members attacked the Peet Institution, Mr. Froehlich said that such topics should not be discussed in the meetings of the association, as a body had no cause of prejudice against said institution. Some of the members are constantly looking for controversies and attacks; Mr. F. emphatically denounced such movements, told them that the association was to be a literary one, as its name indicates, and that little progress in that respect could be made by an "attacking" body. He is an advocate of justice and honesty, and pronounces the attack above referred to as unmanly; furthermore saying that the association had no right to do so. If members have any prejudices against any person or party, let them fight it out privately. I hope that the gentleman will not withdraw.

HE WAS DEAF AND DUMB.

At this season of the year, when the miniature wren has taken up its abode among the shady trees in the land of the magnolia and the place made famous for returning boards, it is that a certain class of the perigrinating tramp printer suddenly pounces down, eagle like, as it were, upon his brother followers—the disciples of Faust and Gutenberg, and causes them one and all to believe that he has become, while roaming through the canyons of Arizona, or hunting grizzly bears in the Rocky Mountains, actually as deaf and dumb as the Cardiff Giant.

Thus, it was with "Black Hills" McKenzie, who within the past two weeks, has played his game upon the citizens of our sister city of Platte. Upon entering the office one day last week, and inquiring how business was, we were told that there was a deaf and dumb man up stairs, who had been there for several days, and had succeeded in getting no work, but the kind hearted, benevolent sheriff of the county had taken pity on this poor "foot ball of fortune," and stood "solid" for his board, while in the town. This gentleman, as all other dead beats, who thus play his part (?) through the county, we think, for the benefit of the craft, ought to receive a notice from the press all over. His real name is J. M. McKenzie. He is about 50 years of age, wears a suit of dark blue, Scotch cap, and his nativity is of Scottish extraction. He talks like a Wisconsin wind mill in a hail storm. He has been all over the world thirteen times and a portion of China, and is now on the direct road to the penitentiary. Pass him around and confer a favor upon the craft.—Leavenworth, Kan., Appeal.

Local Paragraphs.

Will Ballou is in town.

Miss Eva Benedict is much worse.

Frank Johnson is said to be failing.

Another walking match is being talked of.

Mr. Joseph Hewitt is so as to be out again.

Lot Griffith is home sick, afflicted with epizo-o-o-tic.

The academy and district schools have commenced the spring term.

Whipple & Gass have bought out L. L. Virgil's book and stationery store.

"Billy" Gorman is sick with a lame back, caused by a fall while carrying wood.

Fred Webb and sister, Louisa, have gone to Orleans Co., to spend a few weeks with their friends.

Mrs. Earl Taylor and children have been sick with colds and diphtheria, but are now convalescent.

The "traveling church" (M. E.) will hold its regular services in the newly-repaired edifice next Sunday.

Look out! Before the next number of the JOURNAL makes its appearance, somebody will be fooled.

Mrs. J. W. Larkin and daughter, Etta, and Miss Mary Tiffany have returned from their visit to Rome.

On Saturday evening, the 22d inst., the train was blocked and did not arrive here till about 4 o'clock Sunday morning.

Barker Bros. are building a new slaughter house on a lot owned by Mr. Washburn, on Wayne street.

It is nearly time to nail horse shoes to the sidewalk. Mrs. Dr. Snell's is being cleared as a preparatory measure.

March is still holding its own, and is liable to for a few days, at least, but we expect soon to hear its dying groans.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Becker and Edith, their daughter, have gone to New York. Edith is to be under medical treatment.

Over eighty persons from Mexico attended Gilmore's concert at Oswego last week. All were highly pleased with the performance.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet left here last Monday evening for Utica, but he expects to return to Rome to spend a day with his friends there previous to returning home.

Some of our townsmen have commenced making maple sugar and syrup. We hope they will remember the poor printers, as they need to be sweetened once in a while.

The Kenyon divorce suit terminated Thursday. Judge Churchill summed up for the plaintiff, and J. J. Lamoree for defendant, Judge Hibbard, of Watertown, being the referee. A decision will be given in a few days.

Peter Didier is now occupying the stand formerly occupied by the late George Tubbs. He would be pleased to receive the patronage of his old friends, and hopes by superior workmanship to increase the circle of his acquaintances.

A pleasant affair took place, on the 19th inst., at the residence of Mr. Elihu Trowbridge, the union, by marriage, of Miss Lillie Trowbridge and Mr. Menzo Manwarren. Our best wishes attend the happy pair.

An "Organ Opening" concert will be given in the M. E. Church, of this village, on Friday Evening of this week. Professor Hinton, of Syracuse, will preside at the organ, and will be assisted by the M. E. Choral Union. A good time is expected. For particulars see programme. Admission free. All are invited.

A new firm will soon be doing business at the hardware store formerly occupied by the late T. G. Brown. It is expected that it will be known by the firm name of Virgil & Stone. The latter, "June" Stone, as he is familiarly called, was for some time a compositor in the JOURNAL office, and we wish him success in his new sphere.

A new temperance society has been organized here under the title of "The Royal Templars of Temperance," with Laverne Robinson as its Chief and Lorenzo Kimball as Herald, and Drs. Huntington and Heaton, Chester Dewey, and others as subordinate members. The institution combines temperance with life insurance, and the standing of the above-named members is a safe guarantee of its trustworthiness.

On Tuesday morning last Mrs. L. L. Thompson presented us with a very beautiful bouquet, made from flowers sent to her by a friend, from Galveston, Texas. The bouquet is composed of white and colored roses, geranium leaves, orange blossoms, and violets; presenting a splendid ornament and emitting a rich perfume. It is not often we see so beautiful a sight, at this season of the year, in this frigid zone; it makes us sigh for the land "where the orange blossom grows." Many thanks to the donor.

True love is eternal, infinite, and always like itself. It is equal and pure without violent demonstrations, it is seen with white hairs, and is always young in the heart.

The old and young of either sex can find no better friend than Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Try it, and you will not be disappointed. See advertisement of Dr. Kennedy.

HENRY BERGH.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT THE FRIEND OF THE LOWER ANIMALS.

An illustrated paper, by Mr. C. C. Buel, in Scribner for April, contains an account of Mr. Bergh's unique and interesting work and this sketch of the personnel of the man:

Thirteen years of devoted labor have wrought no very great change in the appearance and manner of Henry Bergh. If the lines of his careworn face have multiplied, they have also responded to the kindly influence of public sympathy and the release of his genial disposition from austere restraint. A visitor who had no claims on Mr. Bergh's indulgence once remarked, "I was alarmed by the dignity of his presence and disarmed by his politeness."

Since Horace Greeley's death, no figure more familiar to the public has walked the streets of the metropolis. Nature gave him an absolute patent on every feature and manner of his personality. His commanding stature of six feet is magnified by his erect and dignified bearing. A silk hat with straight rim covers with primness the severity of his presence. A dark brown or dark blue overcoat encases his broad shoulders and spare, yet sinewy figure. A decisive hand grasps a cane, strong enough to lean upon, and competent to be a defense without looking like a standing menace. When this cane, or even his finger, is raised in warning, the cruel driver is quick to understand and heed the gesture.

On the crowded street, he walks with a slow, slightly swinging pace peculiar to himself. Apparently preoccupied, he is yet observant of everything about him and mechanically notes the condition from head to hoof of every passing horse. Everybody looks into the long, solemn, finely chiseled and bronzed face wearing an expression of firmness and benevolence. Broken locks fringe a broad and rounded forehead. Eyes between blue and hazel, lighted by intellectual fires, are equally ready to dart authority or show compassion.

There is energy of character in a long nose of the purest Greek type; melancholy in a mouth rendered doubly grave by deep lines, thin lips and a sparse, drooping moustache; and determination in a square chin of leonine strength. The head, evenly poised, is set on a short neck rooted to broad shoulders. In plainness, gravity, good taste, individuality, unassuming and self possessed dignity, his personality is a compromise between a Quaker and a French nobleman, whose life and thoughts no less than long descent, are his title to nobility.

ATTACKED BY GRIZZLIES.

FOUR OF WHICH FEROCIOUS ANIMALS A HUNTER KILLS IN AS MANY HOURS.

[Trinity, Cal., Journal.]

Several weeks ago, in the neighborhood of Hettenshaw, in this county, a remarkable bear hunt occurred. It appears that Dr. Stanley, while on a visit to Hettenshaw, expressed an earnest desire to go bear hunting, and accordingly one morning he started, in company with Greene French, George Burgess and Joseph Lightfoot. Arriving at a thicket, the dogs gave notice of their near approach to a bear, and the party decided to station themselves at certain points and let the dogs go in and drive the bear out. This was done; but the doctor becoming impatient entered the thicket himself. The heavy undergrowth made his progress slow, but he fought his way ahead until he came to a fallen tree lying in a little gulch. Helping himself along by the limbs, he arrived at the upper end just in time to be confronted by a huge grizzly bear. Retreat was impossible, as it had been with the utmost difficulty the doctor had advanced so far; there was no tree in convenient distance, and as the grizzly showed fight, there was nothing left for him to do but shoot. Taking deliberate aim with his Henry rifle, the doctor fired and

THE BEAR FELL MORTALLY WOUNDED. Another load was sprung from the magazine into the rifle, and the doctor, looking toward his prey, was surprised to see a second bear in the same spot. This he shot also, and quickly reloading, was yet more astonished to see a third bear in the same place where he had shot the other two. Again the lever moved and a fresh charge went into position, and again the doctor looked up and discovered a fourth grizzly coming toward him from the same opening in the brush. Whang went the gun again, and down went bear No. 4. By this time the doctor got warmed up and excited, and he kept moving the lever and firing into the bodies of the bears until the sixteen shots in the magazine were exhausted. Meantime, his companions, hearing the shooting, and presuming the cause, made their way to where the doctor was with the intention of assisting him; but found him on the top of the largest bear, with the others strewn about, swinging his hat and shouting lustily. One was an immense grizzly, so large that the hunters could not handle him, and the other three were good-sized grizzlies, probably about two years old. The shooting of four bears by one man, without even changing his position, is something hitherto unheard of, even in the most highly-colored annals of the western wilds.

"Will you let me drill you?" said the crowbar to the rock. "I'll be 'blasted' if I do," was the hard reply.

For that thou canst do thyself, rely not on another.

He that will not be counselled cannot be helped.

CASEY'S ADVENTURES.

A MOUNTAIN MAIL CARRIER WHO LIVED FOR TEN DAYS ON TOBACCO AND SNOW.

Helena (Montana) Independent:—Casey carried what is known as the horseback mail, but which is, in fact, carried by a two wheeled vehicle like a sulky, from Sun River to the Twenty-eight Mile Springs. On the 27th ult. he started from the former place. There was a blinding snowstorm at the time, and the track across the prairie was wholly lost. As he did not reach the end of his drive at the appointed time it was assumed that he had lost his way, and this theory proved to be well founded.

There were not wanting brave men, both at Helena and Sun River, to undertake the search for the missing man but their most arduous efforts were in vain. On the 3d inst. Mr. Rowe reached Benton, and was informed of the circumstance. The weather was fearfully cold; but this did not deter him from the attempt that humanity dictated. Mounted on a horse he set forth, and in due time found a dim track where it seemed probable that Casey had left the main road. Following this, his labors were rewarded on the 5th inst. by finding the driver about twenty miles north of Twenty-eight Mile Springs.

When Casey was found he was sitting in his cart, which the horse was drawing slowly and painfully along. He was in a daze, and Mr. Rowe shouted to him once or twice before he was aroused to consciousness. It was then found that his right foot and leg were frozen to the knee, and that his left foot was in the same condition. It is believed that his injuries are not serious and that he will not suffer the loss of either limb. His story was soon told; and with his recollections of his experience and what Mr. Rowe learned in his search the tale is wonderful beyond fiction.

The driver had been wandering over that trackless prairie for ten days and nights without food or shelter, and with a temperature never above zero. All this time he had moved in an almost perfect circle and had picketed his horse and camped every night in almost the same spot. More remarkable still, he had daily passed within a mile and a half of the Twenty-Eight Mile House, which was his destination. All this time, amid sufferings that would have crushed an ordinary man, Bob Casey had only one thought, that he must stay with the mail and get it through, whatever befell him. And he did; not a single package was lost.

Starving, half frozen and dazed by exposure and privation, it was not of himself he thought; his duty was still uppermost in his mind. Here was heroic stuff; how many such can the postal service boast? During all these terrible days and nights the only thing that passed his lips was tobacco and snow. He had with him a goodly supply of the former article at the start, and as day wore into night and night into day he began hoarding it with as much avidity as ever did a miser his gold.

PROWESS OF A GIRL HUNTER.

[Modesto, Cal., News.]

Miss Susie Jones, daughter of Captain Jones, a pioneer settler of the county, last week noticed that the dogs had "treed" some animal near the house, armed herself with a gun and proceeded to investigate the matter. No sooner had she approached the tree than a gigantic catamount sprang to the ground. The dogs followed in close pursuit over tangled weeds and through dense willows and forests of the Tuolumne for nearly a mile, when the animal again took to a tree for protection. The brave girl struggled on alone, with her gun on her shoulder, and on coming up with the dogs soon discovered his catship in unusually close proximity, but not daunted by his glaring eyes and ferocious appearance, took deliberate aim and fired. The cat made a spring, but fell to the ground dead. Swinging the monster over her shoulders she carried him home in triumph as a trophy of her prowess. A friend sent us the animal, and we found it to be one of the largest of his species. The young lady hunter has only seen some fourteen or fifteen summers, and is a native of our county.

A Frightful Crime.

A frightful crime has been committed in Hancock county, Tenn. J. N. Epperson and his wife, the parents of grown up children, for some time past have been leading a life of bickering, and not long since they came to blows. A one armed son named John undertook to defend his mother, when the father drew a knife and attacked the son. An awful struggle took place, which resulted in the son wrestling the knife from his father. He dealt the old man a blow with it, and he fell dead. A short time after another son, named Thomas, entered the house, and seeing the evidence of the bloody struggle, asked John if he took the father's part. Receiving a negative answer, Thomas rejoined, "Then I will take father's part," and drawing a pistol began firing at his brother, who ran into the house, Thomas following. The mother attempted to keep him from entering, when he deliberately shot her dead, and then coolly resumed fire on his brother. He failed to hit him, however, but wounded another brother named George, and wounded a sister so severely that her life is despaired of. After committing these crimes he fled and has not since been seen. John gave himself up, but was acquitted by the Coroner, the jury finding that he killed his father in self-defense.

Some Good Things that are Being Done at the Illinois Institution.

There are in the school proper, exclusive of the industrial department, (also a school of equal dignity with the literary) three departments, Literary, Articulation and Art. The literary department comprises sixteen professors and teachers. These conduct, daily, sixty-eight recitations. The articulation department comprises three teachers, who instruct seventeen classes (103 pupils) in articulation and lip-reading—conduct, daily, seventeen recitations in vocal utterance. One hundred and forty pupils are being thus instructed.

The art department comprises two teachers, who instruct eleven elementary and eight advanced classes in drawing and painting. Two hundred and thirty-two pupils are receiving instruction in elementary, thirty-two in advanced drawing, a total of two hundred and sixty-four.

The friend did not make inquiry as to the industrial department, but may be interested to know that we are accustomed to regard this as of equal importance with any other. It is a misnomer to call one a school and the other a work department. They are both schools, and the school of mechanic arts is fully as useful in making good, self-reliant citizens as the school where "book larnin," is imparted. As a preventive of crime and vagrancy a knowledge of a trade is much more valuable than the knowledge of books alone. An educated hand is the next thing below an educated heart, and the next thing above an educated head.

Our industrial department comprises five foremen, as they are usually termed, but more properly instructors. These have under their instruction 23 pupils in the printing-office (a specimen of their work is this paper), 19 pupils in the cabinet shop, 8 pupils in the bakery, 47 pupils in the shoe-shop, and 60 pupils in the garden, learning the principles of horticulture and farming. This department is needing a conservatory for instruction in floriculture. In time no doubt this will be added.

There is also a sewing-room where 119 misses are taught dress-making and various kinds of domestic sewing.—Advance.

ANIMAL FRIENDSHIPS.

Part of the following has a local interest for Western New Yorkers, albeit it comes to us from across the great water. *Chamber's Journal* is responsible for the anecdotes told:

Many equine celebrities have delighted in feline companions, following in this the example of their noble ancestor, the Godolphin Arab, between whom and a black cat an intimate friendship existed for years, a friendship that came to a touching end; for when that famous steed died, his old companion would not leave the body, and when it had seen it put under ground, crawled slowly away to a hay-loft, and, refusing to be comforted, pined away and died.

Mr. Huntington, of East Bloomfield, America, owns a thoroughbred horse named Narragansett, and a white cat. The latter was wont to pay a daily visit to Narragansett's stall, to hunt up the mice, and then enjoy a quiet nap. Mr. Huntington removed to Rochester with his family, leaving the cat behind; but she complained so loudly and so unceasingly that she was sent on to the new abode. His first object was now to get somebody to interpret her desires. At last her master divined them and started off with her to the barn. As soon as they were inside, the cat went to the horse's stall, made herself a bed near his head, and curled herself up contentedly. When Mr. Huntington visited the pair next morning, there was puss, close to Narragansett's feet, with a family of five beside her. The horse evidently knew all about, and that it behooved him to take heed how he used his feet. Puss afterwards would go out, leaving her little ones to the care of her friend, who would, every now and then, look to see how they were getting on. When these inspections took place in the mother's presence, she was not at all uneasy, although she showed the greatest fear and anxiety if any children or strangers intruded upon her privacy.

A gentleman in Sussex had a cat which showed the greatest affection for a young blackbird, which was given to her by a stable-boy for food, a day or two after she had been deprived of her kittens. She tended it with the greatest care; they became inseparable companions, and no mother could show a greater fondness for her offspring than she did for the bird.

Dot Lettie Paby.

Whist! Gretchen got a baby!
Id vas a lettie poy,
Shoost look out in dot grade—
Yaw! How jah dat mit hoigh?
Dot poy vas mine und Gretchen's;
See dot! Aind him shoost pons?
O, don't you cry now, paby—
You make em tink you gross.
Sh-sh-sh-sh—Oh stop dot!
Look round und see der mens!
Vhat goom to see der paby.
Dat'—Oh! vhat leedle hands!
Dot's mine Gretchen's paby—
Py Kraahus! Dond you see?
Dot nose vas shoost like Gretchen's,
Der rest vas shoost like me!
See dot now—Id vas laffin,
Und giekl'n up ids toes,
Gloom here, you leedle nose!
Und shtrike your fadder's nose.
Vell, mayne I vas voolish
To take me on so pad,
But dot vas Gretchen's paby—
Der first von vhat she had!

—Exchange.

A SIX-DAY WOMAN SHOW.

WALKING RAPIDLY BECOMING CHRONIC—A RUNNING RACE TO-NIGHT.

Mlle. Exildra La Chapelle, Miss Bertha VonBerg, Mrs. Tobias, Miss Cora Cushing, Mrs. Franklin and Mrs. Armand are the names under which six women have entered for a six-day "go as you please" walk at Gilmore's Garden, to begin at 1 A. M. Thursday, and thus take in Sunday. The managers of the walk, Mr. Walton of the St. James and two others, take the gate-money and pay \$1,000 and a belt valued at \$1,000 to the woman who makes most miles, \$500 for a second prize and \$250 for a third. All of the women who make 325 miles will get back the entrance fee, which is \$200. There is a deluge of exhibitors who are unprovided with \$200. Miss La Chapelle has walked 100 miles in 26 hours, 50 miles in 3h. 3m. and 3,000 quarter-miles in 2,900 quarter-hours. Miss VonBerg has walked 100 miles in 23h. 12m. and 200 miles in 53h. 7m. Mrs. Tobias, who comes from Brooklyn, is a swimmer and has walked 400 miles somehow. Miss Cushing is a laundress and finished 3,000 quarter-miles in as many quarter-hours on Wednesday evening last. Mme. Franklin is an Englishwoman and Mrs. Armand a German. Mrs. Fanny Edwards hopes to challenge the winner.

To-night at 8 o'clock will be begun at Gilmore's Garden a twenty-mile international running race, for which there are entered: John Simpson, of Cambridge, England, one of Rowell's trainers; John Raine and Thomas McNaulty, of Ottawa, Canada; Henry Naylor, of New York; Norman Taylor, of Vermont; Dominique Verant, of Canada, and Joseph E. Owens, of Virginia. A purse of \$250 to the first man making twenty miles. All the contestants are trained runners and have made ten miles within sixty minutes.—N. Y. World.

AFTER FOURTEEN YEARS.

SUFFERING FOR A FATHER'S CRIME—THE EXTRAORDINARY STORY TOLD BY A CONNECTICUT CONVICT.

Charles Gilbert, now a sunken-cheeked and broken man of 40, was sentenced to the Connecticut State prison for life 14 years ago, for the murder of a man in the city of New Britain. His father died last October, and it has lately come to light that the prisoner has declared that the death of his father has removed an obligation of secrecy that he put upon himself at the time of the trial, and that his father was really guilty of the crime for which his son had been convicted. Neither at the trial, nor since, he says, could he tell the truth without disclosing facts that would put the rope around his father's neck. No credence would be given this story if it were not corroborated in many important details.

As it is, the statement and the outside evidence that support it are now before the legislative committee on pardons of the Connecticut assembly (for the general assembly has the pardoning power in that State) and very strong efforts are being made by disinterested persons, who feel convinced of the innocence of the prisoner and of his martyrdom, to procure his release. The murder of which he was convicted was that of a bounty and substitute broker, Henry Caldwell, in New Britain, early in January, 1864. The motive was robbery. Caldwell's body was found in a field a short distance from New Britain one Monday morning. The body was partially covered with snow. The head was so disfigured by the blows that caused death that the face was almost unrecognizable.

The pockets were turned inside out, and as it was known that Caldwell had nearly \$1,000 on his person a few hours before he disappeared, it was believed that a large sum was taken from him. Gilbert claims that his father wanted this money, with which he meant to elope with the wife of a man named Sage. He did not mean to kill Caldwell, but when he and his companion, a man named Parsons, attacked Caldwell, the latter grappled with them and Parsons struck Caldwell several times with a piece of iron and killed him. The case is a most remarkable one, and the prisoner's story is told clearly and circumstantially, and fits into many unexplained circumstances at the time of the trial.

But the most startling corroboration has come from an unexpected source. Since Charles's conviction Parsons has been almost a wanderer upon the face of the earth. The little manhood that he ever had he lost then, and has lived from hand to mouth almost ever since. It has been evident for years to every one who knew him that something was preying night and day upon his conscience. He seemed always to fear something. He never laughed, and he grew old, haggard and morose. Charles Gilbert did not know whether he was alive or dead. Gilbert's statement was briefly published some weeks ago in the local papers, and a few days after the body of Parsons was found in the woods in the town of Essex, some miles below Hartford. He had cut his throat, and doubtless had been led to suicide by reading Charles's story.

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

INDUSTRIAL HOMES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—At various times within the past ten years, efforts have been made to bring about some means by which deaf-mutes could be supported themselves could be maintained, and rendered self-supporting. The question has become one of grave moment to deaf-mutes and those interested in them. The spirit of charity is prevalent in our midst. Benevolently disposed and prominent men have taken the matter in hand, as the necessity for some plan has become more evident. Wm. B. Swett, Esq., aided by others, organized a few years ago what is known as the Industrial Home scheme, as a means of assisting those deaf-mutes, who, by reason of age and other causes, are unable to support themselves without assistance. I believe that the plan of the home is somewhat similar to that of the New York home for aged mutes. I am informed that it is also proposed to admit any mute of whatever age, who is unable to gain employment, and by erecting shops for various trades to give constant employment to all who apply, and also to receive young deaf-mutes of both sexes and teach them trades by which they may be enabled to become more fully self-supporting. While it is true that most Institutions do all they can to teach deaf-mutes various trades, from the limited time that most deaf-mutes pass at school, and from different causes, it is impossible for but few, and those the most intelligent of their class, to fully master any business. Such a plan as proposed by Messrs. Gallaudet, Swett and others will, if carried out, prove a blessing to our fellow-deaf-mutes who are now deprived of the opportunity of earning their own living. Most deaf-mutes are however of that energetic disposition, that they ask for nothing but a chance to earn an honest living through some art, as Emerson says, "The denegate offering of lives, with brains marred." Either morally depraved or lacking the mental force requisite to enable them to concentrate their poor abilities upon such industries as will bring them independence. But there are few of the latter class; I am happy to say, either in New England or the Middle States, who are educated. There are some cases however, of honest, but inefficient mutes who come to want, and have from time to time been relieved by our societies, and private individuals, but about whom not enough is known to render them the aid they require. Undoubtedly such an institution as proposed would remedy the trouble, as their condition would become known and relief would be afforded. "Poverty is no crime," but undoubtedly it is so considered by many. Still honest poverty is something that no man need be ashamed of. The present hard times have thrown many a worthy and industrious mute out of employment, and he is in temporary need of assistance. Such men would gladly welcome the opening of a home, where they could at least, be sure of food, and shelter. There are many young deaf-mutes, but partially educated and with no knowledge of a trade, a burden to relations who, however willing to help their unfortunate children are unable to do so. To all such persons a home where they could put their children to be educated and taught a trade that would enable them to be independent would be looked upon as a blessing. Such a plan is the proposed Industrial Home. All this however can not be brought about at once. "Man is a most improvident animal after all," and will go on for generations practicing a parsimony, which in its results may be wasteful extravagance, when a more generous course would result differently. The money spent in public and private charity by deaf-mutes and their friends for relieving bodily wants, is, doubtless more than sufficient to sustain a broader scheme of charity than the one which has been partially sketched. Indeed such a scheme could probably be, and should be, if possible, self-sustaining. The able-bodied might by their labor sustain themselves and those who were unable to work. This certainly should be the aim, but a long time will probably elapse before the question will be settled.

DOWN-EASTER.

South Downs Farm, Mar. 15, 1879.

A LETTER FROM TROY.

Troy, Oakland Co., Mich., Mar. 19, '79.
MR. RIDER, DEAR SIR:—I believe that my subscription for the JOURNAL has expired before this. I do not remember when it was to expire. Please inform me. I hereby send you a money order of \$1.50 for which you will please send me your worthy JOURNAL for another year. I value it very highly; as I could not do without the sunshine so I could not do without the JOURNAL. The paper does come like the sunshine. May I add that a year ago last fall my father went to Mexico on a matter of business. It was about the estate. He said he would call on you at the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL office; I was sorry he did not. Please excuse me for taking so much liberty, as we are not personally acquainted.
VALINA BUTTERFIELD.

A CALICO SURPRISE PARTY.

PRINCETON, N. J., Mar. 19, 1879.
DEAR JOURNAL:—Pursuant to invitations issued some weeks ago, there assembled at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Barstow in Cumberland St. Brook-

lyn, on the evening of Friday, March 14th, a select company of ladies and gentlemen to the number of about thirty. The event on the tapis was a calico surprise which the numerous friends of Miss Clara Rosch had got up in her honor. Miss Rosch was unfortunately a member of the main New York Institution, High class and a young lady of remarkable amiability and kindness of heart. At half past nine the guests had nearly all arrived, and, after some attention to their toilet, assembled in the spacious parlors. Here the formality of introduction was gone through and this being completed, the guests felt more at ease and opened the festivities with the interesting ceremony of selecting partners. This having been done satisfactorily, sets were formed and the dancing began. The order of dancing was well arranged and, aided by good music, lovely ladies and gallant gents, time passed sweetly and unheeded. About midnight the rattling of dishes in the lower region showed that the professors of culinary art were busy at work preparing something good for the inner man and, the music striking up a grand march, the company under its enlivening strains made their way to the dining-room. In it was a capacious table groaning under the weight of a plentiful entertainment and of course ample justice was done to the bountiful cheer. Returning to the parlor the guests, stimulated by the late gastronomic exercise entered into all the delights of the occasion, and wit, jokes, and pleasant badinage flowed in an uninterrupted strain. The guests formed a most delightful set, each and all of whom seemed to comprehend what was expected of them and accordingly all contributed to the general amusement. Those present included the entertainers, Mr. and Mrs. Barstow, the surprised party, Miss Clara Rosch, Mr. and Miss Barr, Mr. M. Heyman, Miss Clarke, Mr. E. A. Hodgson, Miss Cline, Capt. Jarvis, S. H. Hitchcock, Mr. Fisher, Mr. J. F. Fox, Miss Franco, Mr. Joel Slooem, Mr. and Mrs. F. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Bowers, and several others.

Almost before the guests had any idea of time, daybreak had already made itself apparent but even then the guests, like Juliet, found "Parting such sweet sorrow
That they could say good night till tomorrow," and were equally interminable in their leave taking. The occasion was one of the most brilliant and interesting of the season and will long be remembered by the participants as one of peculiar enjoyment.

JOEL SLOOEM.

A CORRECTION.

GREEN BAY, WIS., March 20, 1879.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—I have learned that my father, in a recent article to the JOURNAL, stated that I had a school for deaf-mutes here with an attendance of fifty pupils. He formed his estimate from a local newspaper article that stated there were fifty-six deaf-mutes in this county where the school is located. There are that number, and more, of deaf-mute people, in this county, but I am teaching a class of only eleven pupils this term. This mistake might naturally occur to my father and I am sure he was sincere in his statement. The school, too, is supported by this and adjacent cities, the county, parents, and private donations.
C. L. WILLIAMS.

NOTES FROM PROF. JOEL TURNER.

FORD HOTEL, Richmond, Va., }
March 21, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—Yesterday afternoon I left Staunton, Va., after a very pleasant rest of eight days, and reached this fine city last night.

I am stopping at this nice, home-like hotel, which is the spot where Dr. Gallaudet and myself stayed on our way to the South last January.

During my brief sojourn in Staunton, I would have written you a mammoth letter, as I fully intended to do, about my dear old Institution and its officers since its establishment in 1838, but I was so much engaged visiting that I could not find time to do so. I will, however, try to do so when I return to my dear old home about the 1st of April. I know of a great many interesting facts which have occurred under my own eyes and in hearing of my own ears. In the meantime I shall hold services in five or six different places, from each of which I will write you letters about my work &c., without fail.

I met Prof. D. C. Dudley, lately the principal teacher in the North Carolina Institution, and newly elected principal of the Kentucky Institution at the Staunton Department. About 5 o'clock yesterday morning, as he was passing through that place to Kentucky, I had a short, but pleasant talk with him and found him in such fine spirits, but did not have the pleasure of seeing his family as they were asleep in the sleeping car. It was so dark that he was deprived of the pleasure of looking at the mountain city of Staunton, which I regretted at that time. Had he stopped over in that delightful place, he would, no doubt, have received a cordial welcome from Captain McCoy, the principal, and his officers. The principal told me that it would give him pleasure to show him through the Institution building. I will tell you why I was obliged to leave Staunton for this city abruptly. I was directed to present a very important letter to Bishop Whittle, which I have this day done, and the center of which delicacy advises me not to divulge.

I had the pleasure of calling on Mr. William F. Johnston, a deaf-mute druggist, this morning. He was there making peppermint himself, which I

could smell in his shop. He showed me a very large quantity of laudanum, which he generally manufactured with his own hands. There is a good number of other deaf-mutes in and around this city. Behold my visit has begun in earnest again. Good night.
Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

A LETTER FROM WATERTOWN.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., March 23, 1879.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—About five weeks ago Frederick Napoleon Cocagne, alias F. N. Coon, rather well known in this vicinity, was before the U. S. Commissioner Ainsworth and the Commissioner after commenting on all the evidences which the Marshall has found against Cocagne, said that they were so strong that he could do nothing but hold him to await the action of the grand jury which was to convene at Utica some time in March. Cocagne was therefore taken back to jail where he remained till he was taken back to Utica. The Marshal who arrested him at Cape Vincent, told me that Cocagne was guilty of defrauding the public through the mails, and would be sentenced to one year and six months, or \$500 fine, or both, according to law, and said there were more complaints made against him. He said that Cocagne, upon receiving a check for \$30 from a gentleman in Brooklyn, N. Y., for eggs, went to one of our banks and got it cashed without exciting the slightest suspicion and signed the name of F. N. Coon. After that he did not attend to the filling up of the order. The Marshal said that it was another crime he had committed and thought he would be sent to a State prison for five years or more. Upon his arrival in Utica Cocagne was at once tried before Judge Wallace, of Syracuse, and it was through the kindness and sensitiveness of the Judge and through the influence of friends sympathizing with Cocagne's infirmity, that he was let off with such a light sentence as would have excited the envy of those who had committed similar crimes. The Judge, thinking that Cocagne was deserving of sympathy, sentenced him to six months in our jail and fined him \$100 and advised him to become a better man in future. He assured him that if he should commit another crime of the same kind or any other, he would be sentenced to a longer term of imprisonment in a State prison, and told him that he hoped that this light sentence might cure him. Cocagne was taken back to the Jefferson county jail where he had been two months awaiting his sentence. He feels very jubilant over the sentence and says he is willing to accept it, with the air of a fellow accepting a handsome present from a friend. He says he will try to put up with those inconveniences that are generally found in a prison and invent some devices for beguiling those dull months of his imprisonment. He hopes time will pass swiftly until he regains his freedom. He looks younger and happier than before he was taken to Utica. Our Sheriff Leaton says Cocagne has behaved very well since he became his prisoner and he is allowed the privilege of the sheriff's parlor and office adjoining the jail, and also allowed to "stroom" in the yard. Cocagne has gained the confidence of the sheriff and other men connected with the jail.

Watertown has a Home for the aged and those whose infirmities render them incapable of earning their living, which is named after Mrs. Keep, of Fifth Avenue, New York city, for it is present as well as an ornament to our beautiful "petite ville." Mrs. Emma Keep bought the Paddock Arcade and part of the American building, formerly known as the American Hotel, and had them thoroughly renovated. The rooms in the hotel were changed into elegant offices, many of which are now occupied for dental purposes, law offices, etc. The annual rents of the stores and offices in the Arcade hotel building go to keep the Home. There are several aged people there, well provided with food and clothing. The Home is a beautiful home with a nice large garden. There is a deaf-mute, nearly eighty years old, in the city who, being too old to work for bread and butter and in poor circumstances, would be glad to avail himself of the comforts of the Home so kindly offered to those aged inmates, even younger than the mute. I hope those connected with the Home will give him a welcome. Mr. Chas. H. Cooper will soon be employed about the Home and will get a handsome salary. He says that the place and salary are just what he wished for. The place is a very desirable one, especially with a big salary. Mr. Cooper is a nephew of Mrs. Emma Keep. I trust he will fill the desirable position with efficiency and much to the satisfaction of the officers of the Home.

Mrs. Clara P. Smith came to town from Clayton, N. Y., the other day to "faire plusieurs emplettes" and looked as fresh and hearty as ever, she returned to Clayton where she is visiting her relatives. She is going West about the last of the month to engage in some pursuit luckily given to her, and I feel sure of her ability to discharge the duties of the pursuit with efficiency and to general acceptance, for I understand that whatever duties men engage in are performed with far greater ability by women. I fear that Mrs. Smith will miss the beautiful river St. Lawrence.

Yours truly,
A WATERTOWNIAN.

A good lady who, on the death of her first husband, married his brother, has a portrait of the former hanging in her dining-room. One day a visitor, remarking the painting, asked: "Is that a member of your family?" "O, that's my poor brother-in-law," was the ingenious reply.

Summary of Foreign Deaf-Mute News

SHEFFIELD.

The Sheffield School Board have resolved to undertake the tuition of the deaf and dumb children of Sheffield, preferring this course to sending them to a distant institution. It will be a free school for the present. A teacher was appointed, at a salary of £50 a year.

The Secretary begs to acknowledge receipt of 5£ from the Right Hon. the Earl of Glasgow, in aid of the National Deaf and Dumb Society fund.

THE GREENOCK SOCIETY.

From the report just issued, we learn that meetings for religious instruction are held in Greenock every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 2:15 and 7:30 p. m., in a room kindly given up for the purpose by the School Board.

LIVERPOOL.

In consequence of the distress among the Deaf and Dumb, the Annual Tea Party and Soiree, announced for the 24th of February, did not take place. It is hoped, however, that the Soiree will be held soon after Easter.

THE LONDON DEBATING SOCIETY.

On the 19th ult., Mr. Matthew P. Cant opened a discussion, maintaining "That it is desirable that our National Museums and Picture Galleries should be open on Sundays." The Rev. S. Smith followed in the negative. On the affirmative side, arguments were brought forward by Messrs. T. Davidson, Arthur Dent, R. E. Bray, H. Pownall, etc.; and on the negative by Messrs. E. South (Hon. Sec.) Argent, Burdon, and by the Chairman (Mr. R. M. Holme). The result of the debate was, ayes, 9; noes, 26. The announcement was received with applause.

THE GLASGOW MISSION.

In the Mission Hall, on Thursday, 30th January, Mr. A. M. Duff of Edinburgh, gave a most interesting and instructive lecture on "The Barometer." He told his audience that he did not intend to act the part of a dry philosopher, but would treat his subject in quite a homely manner. He explained the fundamental principle of the construction of the barometer, by shewing the experiment which led Torricelli to discover the pressure of the air, and warned his audience that in future they must not ascribe its working to witchcraft, or any other unnatural cause. A vote of thanks, proposed by Mr. Henderson, was heartily given to the lecturer, and a vote of thanks to Mr. Thomson as chairman, terminated a very enjoyable evening.

An advertisement appears in the Glasgow papers from a few gentlemen who are desirous to establish an institution in Glasgow for the "Clip" system, which has been so successful in London and other places.

THE SIDNEY INSTITUTION.

The 17th Annual Meeting of the New South Wales Institution, Sidney, was held on the 14th of October, 1878. Sir John Hay, M. L. C., occupied the chair. Mr. Watson, the Principal of the Institution, had lately returned from a tour in Europe, and reported his experiences of the various systems of instruction adopted in the Institutions he visited; and seemed to be in favor of the combined system of oral and digital instruction. The income for the past year was £3,570 15s. 2d., and the expenditure, £3,547 6s. 1d. The Institution has a Government grant of £450 annually.

EDINBURGH.

After the agreeable interruption by the Christmas and New Year festivities, the winter course of lectures of the Deaf and Dumb Christian Association was resumed on the 9th of January, with an excellent lecture on "Dr. Kitt's" by Peter McDonald. Several interesting facts connected with the life of that great good deaf man were adduced to show that there is nothing to prevent deaf and dumb young men from endeavoring by well-directed perseverance to rise to eminence in any walk of literature. Mr. Duff and Mr. Hansell re-echoed the encouraging words in the lecture. The next lecture was taken in hand by Mr. F. B. Illingworth of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, the subject being "Thrift." As might have been conjectured, there was an unusually large muster of the fairer portion of creation. The lecture was profuse with good advice, not only to housewives, but to working men to beware of improvidence, for "rainy days" will come whether we will or not. In connection with the Temperance Society, Mr. Barry led off this year with "a few hard nuts to crack." One of the nuts was, "What is the best remedy for intemperance?" Teetotalism was the thing for it, and no doubt; but then many would not try it. The lecturer could think of no other cure so effective. Mr. Duff, who had previously promised to bring with him a pair of nut-crackers wherewith to crack Mr. Barry's nuts, said he knew of a better one—"a happy home." Mr. Barry regrets to say that he found not long after that the nut was but slightly cracked. Thousands of young men cannot marry even, if they would like to try, that is to say, if it is contended that a happy home can only be had by marriage. Not being able to get a happy home in that way, they would still be exposed to the temptations of the drinking customs of society. The next lecture was, "Injury done to the human system by Alcohol," which was very effectively treated by Mr. George M. Cowie.

I slept in an editor's bed one night, When no editor changed to be night, And I thought, as I tumbled that editor's nest, How easily editors lie.

The Most Wonderful Railroad in the World.

The Callao, Lima and Oroya railroad, generally known as the Oroya railroad, now the Trans-Andine railroad, is probably the most wonderful railroad in existence. It was constructed for by Henry Meiggs in 1869, at the cost of \$21,804,090, or \$27,000,000 in bonds. Work was begun January, 1879. When commenced the English company had got the right of way from Callao to Lima, and Mr. Meiggs could get no special rates for his material. The enormous cost of freightage everything for his road would make it ruinous for him to build. One day there appeared hundreds of men, evidently making a railroad from Lima to Callao. The English company went to see about it, and then got out an injunction to stop the work. Mr. Meiggs calmly asked them whose land the workmen were on, and they found he had quietly bought up all that land, and was building a private road on his own ground for his own use.

Leaving Callao, the road to Lima is in the finest condition. Ballasted with cobble stones no dust arises; four separate depots accommodate different parts of the city. No one who makes a round trip on the road ever repeats it, and seldom desires the second. The heights and distances are so great that few heads are not affected.

From San Mateo to Anchi the road passes through the "Infernillos" (Little Hills). Nearly perpendicular walls from 2,000 to 3,000 feet hem in the river Rimac, having a width of from 200 to 400 feet. At first it was proposed to make a cut in the side of these mountains, but fearing the falling of loose rocks, it was decided to tunnel. Miners were let down with ropes, one-quarter and one-half mile long, to certain indicated points on the rocky wall every 500 feet, more or less, and after they entered a few feet, began working to the right and left, using the entrance as a place from whence to throw the excavated material. About midway a bend in the river made it necessary either to make a dangerous curve or span the chasm. The latter was chosen, and now a bridge unites the tunnels about 400 feet above the river bed.

Emerging from the second of these tunnels at Anchi, the Rimac is recrossed, and the road follows up the river Blanco a few miles, which it crosses, and then enters a mountain, where it turns around in a curved tunnel, and emerging a few hundred feet above, re-crosses the river and returns, passes Anchi and continues up the river to Rimac. At Chila, a few miles further, the road passes the town, returns, crosses its own track and the Rimac, returns and again doubles on itself, having passed Chila five times.

CAPTURED BY INDIANS.

REMARKABLE ADVENTURES OF AN IOWA WOMAN AND HER SON.

Deep interest is taken in the West in the narrative of Mrs. Charles Jones, of Washington county, Iowa, whose story of suffering on the plains, with the astonishing revelations regarding certain Indians of the Yankton agency, has few parallels in frontier history. Mrs. Jones and her son, it is believed are the sole survivors of a party of twelve emigrants who left Washington county last February for the Yellowstone Valley. They reached Fort Kearney about March 1, 1878, and when a few days out from there, in the river bottom, they were surrounded by a party of seventy Indians. William Brown, Joshua Brown and Joseph Hyatt, a brother of Mrs. Jones, constituting the men of the party, were instantly shot dead. All but Mrs. Jones and her son disappeared, and as she believes, were massacred.

She was made a slave to the chief named Yankton, cooking, picking berries and performing other menial offices. She was never allowed to meet or talk with her son. Her clothes were taken from her and she was allowed only a blanket and moccasins. The camp was moved often, always northward. The warriors several times left the party and returned with clothing and plunder, evidently taken from murdered whites. The interpreter who was with the party, named Ginnes, stated that he was captured from a party of emigrants when only eleven years old, and he is now forty. He adopted their life. He told Mrs. Jones that the party were chiefly Yanktons, from the Yankton agency, but there were a few from Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies. They were out all winter during summer and returned to the agencies in the winter.

Their slaves are kept outside the agencies in concealment. Other female white slaves in the party told her through the interpreter, that their friends had been murdered, and as they had no homes they did not desire to escape. Young Jones, who is aged fifteen, became a favorite and was kindly treated. At the expiration of two months they reached the neighborhood of a small village in Northern Nebraska, where the Indians procured liquor, and they all became drunk. That night Mrs. Jones escaped, having on only a ragged blanket and one moccasin. She traveled south, being guided in her course by the stars, and subsisting for many days on raw antickies. After five or six days she met occasional emigrant wagons moving northward, and Mrs. Jones was given a dress. She begged her way through the State, reaching her old home in Iowa the last day in June.

Here she procured a small sum of money. She became alarmed at the uncertainty of her son's fate, and returned to Central Nebraska, where she traveled from place to place, watching

for emigrants from the north and living with farmers. At the expiration of many weeks, sick and disheartened, she again started eastward. One day last October, while walking through Kearney, she met an emaciated lad, whom she recognized as her son, who had just come in from a long and terrible journey. Sheltered by James Carmichael, a farmer, she watched at her son's bedside during a long illness. When the boy had partially recovered they both started east on foot, stopping with farmers and making slow progress on account of their enfeebled condition.

Citizens of Omaha collected some money and sent both home. Every detail of the above story is confirmed. The naked bodies of three murdered men were found last March on the plains north of Kearney, but the murders were supposed to be the work of tramps. Men here from the agencies are to investigate the matter and express the opinion that many of the agency Indians have kept up the systematic murder of settlers during the summer and successfully concealing their crime. At the Yankton agency there will be an immediate investigation and the identity of the Indians secured if possible.

Cornered at Last.

His wife had, probably, been arguing and coaxing for years, for he looked like a man whose spirit had been worn out before he had consented to have his photograph taken. He had halted at the door of a gallery as if trying to invent some excuse, but she pushed him up stairs, and he was in for it at last. He hoped the photographer would be crowded with work, but he wasn't. He hoped the camera was out of order, but it was in fine condition.

"Can't take me to-day can you?" he queried.

"Oh, yes—take you right away," was the reply.

"Have I got to sit up straight?"

"No; sit as you please."

"Hain't these clothes too light?"

"Not a bit."

"I can't spare over three minutes."

"Very well—I'll take you in two."

There was no way to get rid of it, and, with a despairing look around and a frown at his wife, the old chap dropped into a chair with a sigh, shut his eyes, crossed his legs and groaned out:

"Well, I must, I must. Bring on your laughing gas, and don't let my wife go through my pockets while I'm unconscious!"

A Dog Killed by a Mouse.

A gentleman writing to this journal relates the following curious occurrence: "I was alone with my labors in a field where potatoes were being harvested. My watch dog was with me. I saw him seize a mouse, swallow it, and then lie down at my feet. I went home to dinner, and while seated at the table was asked what was the matter with the dog. He was turning round, moaning, and something was hanging from his side. I took him up in my arms, and found it was a mouse which had just now been killed. At first I thought it had merely stuck in the long hair, but on examining closer I found that only one-half of the mouse protruded from the dog's body. When the aperture was cleared it was found to be an inch in depth. The dog had no front teeth, had swallowed the mouse, and the little animal had at once begun to gnaw its way out. It was at first stopped by one of the ribs, and had actually burrowed out between the skin and rib. The dog killed the mouse when it put its head out, by munching it with his jaws. The dog died the next day."

Berlin Paper.

A COSTLY TOY.

I must not forget to mention a curious and really exquisite model on exhibition here which is awaiting its transportation to the Paris Exposition. It is a model—about 2½ feet in length and some 8 inches in width—of a Pullman drawing-room car, and is made entirely of gold and oxidized silver. It is finished perfectly, to the most minute details; the rails upon which it stands are silver and the wheels gold. The platform at either end is of gold, chased with crossed lines to represent the uneven surface of the common platform. The body of the car is of oxidized silver, exquisitely chased, and the doors of the same, while the knobs and hinges are of gold. Windows of plate glass, shaded by silk curtains, alternate with mirrors in rich frames. The revolving easy-chairs and foot stools are of silver covered with silk velvet and even the inevitable spittoon, no larger than a porcelain button, is perfectly made in silver. On the floor lies a handsome velvet carpet, and at each door the accustomed mat. The ceiling is tastefully frescoed, and tiny but perfect lamps of crystal are suspended from it, while the ventilators around the top of the car are minute doors of gold. Looking in at one of the windows, you see locked securely in its closet the stove, in silver, which supplies warmth, and in another window you see that the dressing room with all its appointments is not forgotten. The owner and maker, who has been exhibiting this with pardonable pride in the model-room of the Patent Office for the past week, says that the roof consists of 70 plates of gold; that it cost him between \$4,000 and \$4,000 to make this model, and its price is \$13,000. His statement is that it weighs 108 pounds. It is certainly a most complete and beautiful piece of workmanship, although a somewhat expensive toy.—Washington Letter.

DEATH OF MRS. HEDDEN.

PALMYRA, N. Y. March 17, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The readers of the JOURNAL will be pained at learning of the death of Mrs. Hedden, wife of A. W. Hedden, of Palmyra, Wayne Co., which occurred at her late residence on the third of March. Mrs. Hedden had been in poor health for a number of years. But bore her sufferings with that meekness and cheerfulness which characterizes a true Christian woman. She has laid aside the cares and burden of this world, and we believe that she has entered into the full fruition of that command and promise of our Saviour, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." She was beloved by all her acquaintances. Mrs. Hedden was the daughter of the late—Harrison, and sister of Mr. George Harrison, present Supervisor of the town of Palmyra. She leaves a husband, two daughters and a son to mourn her death. She was in the 68th year of her age. H. S. J.

COLORADO INSTITUTION.

[From the Industrial Press, of Denver.]

House bill, No. 157, providing for an appropriation of \$7,000 for the purpose of erecting additional buildings, providing water for the same, and for the purpose of providing additional printing material, was introduced into the house, and the appropriation reduced to \$5,500. In that shape it passed the house and was sent to the senate and by this body referred to the committee on finance. This committee still further reduced the appropriation to \$3,500, a sum entirely inadequate to the wants of the institution. But a majority of the senate were wiser and more humane than the finance committee, for they refused to adopt the report of their committee, and voted the house appropriation, \$5,500.

It is very surprising that any senator could vote the munificent sum of \$14,000 for the State university and restrict the deaf-mute asylum to a pittance, just enough to keep these unfortunate children alive, with limited accommodations, poor water, and an insufficient supply of printing materials etc., to encourage their industry.

It is well to support the higher seminaries of learning by state donations, provided the state can do so, and not thereby cripple the institutions of positive necessity to the most unfortunate and needy, which Providence has thrown upon the hands and charities of the public.

We cannot in any way neglect these without incurring the condemnation of all humane men.

By a personal inspection of the deaf-mute asylum, we know that the accommodations are by no means sufficient. Senators and representatives are presumed to consider these unfortunate children, in their provision for them, as their guardian care.

The Little Beggar's Charity.

[From the Pittsburg Telegraph.]

A young man who had been on a three day's debauch, wandered into the dining-room of a hotel where he was well known, sat down and stared moodily into the street. Presently a little girl of about 10 years came in and looked timidly about the room. She was dressed in rags, but she had a sweet and intelligent face, and that could scarcely fail to excite sympathy. There were five persons in the room, and she went to each begging. One gentleman gave her a five-cent piece, and she then went to the gentleman spoken of and asked him for a penny, adding, "I haven't had anything to eat for a whole day." The gentleman was out of humor, and he said, crossly, "Don't bother me; go away! I haven't had anything to eat for three days." The child opened her eyes in wonder and stared at him a moment, and walked slowly to the door. She turned the knob, and after hesitating a few seconds, walked up to him, and gently laying the five cents she had received on his knee, said with a tone of true girlish pity in her voice: "If you haven't had anything to eat for three days, you take this and go and buy some bread. Perhaps I can get some more somewhere." The young fellow blushed to the roots of his hair, and lifted the Sister of Charity in his arms and kissed her two or three times in delight. Then he took her to the persons in the room and to those in the corridors, and in the office, and told the story and asked contributions, giving himself all the money he had with him. He succeeded in raising \$40 dollars, and sent the little one on her way rejoicing.

FORGOT HE WAS MARRIED.

He had been in the habit of standing on the curbstone in front of the church after service, and waiting for his girl. As he prided himself greatly upon his politeness in public places, he invariably, even after their betrothal, stepped up to her, and, doffing his hat, requested permission to see her home. The first time that they went to church together after they were married they were unable to secure seats together. This, however, did not worry him. He secured a seat for his wife, and at once sought his old quarters by the stove, and among some of his old cronies. After service he absent-mindedly walked out with the boys and took his old stand on the curbstone. With flashing eyes and glowing cheeks out came his wife. She would have passed him in indignation and scornful silence had he not stopped up to her as of yore, and raising his hat, said: "Miss L—, may I have the pleasure of walking with you?" He had the pleasure of knowing that she was very much married when she exclaimed: "You idiotic fool, put on your hat and come along!"—Danbury News.

